THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1361.

Original Poetry.

THE SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS HIGHLAND HOME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CHARLES HOOSLEY.

The author of the following poem has been most offered for many years—a portion of the time not being able to leave his bed. During the prostration of his body, however, his mind would not have been idle, and the friend from whom we derive these particulars, says that he has constructed several musical instruments, although entirely without instruction in that branch of art. He is now able to leave his house very slowly, and is engaged in manufacturing a piano. He has never had even a common school education, at which facts, we think, the reader will wonder, after perusing the annexed verses. In our opinion, they exhibit unusual talent in the writer. We trust it will be encouraged to continue to bear the wors of this life in patience, seeking relief from despondency and consolation—unplumbed, as he has wisely other heavenlier.

Why swell, my heart! why beat thee so?
Why choke me wi' these sobbing sighs?
To leaving dreigs, why do ye flow?
Why in your een these saltie eyes?
Farewell, my dear, my Highland lassie,
I leave thee here and gang awa';
I leave the flock one white and lamie,
An' gang for Auchtermuchty ha'.
Oh! mest I never, never more,
The glorious o' auld Scotland see?
Her glittrin sea and mountains hoar,
Oh! mest it never, never be?

How can I leave my Highland cot,
Wi' joys the bonnie heather shades?
How can I leave the bonnie spot,
Its cliffs and whare nae ee can see?
How can I leave my Highland lassie,
Whom I've loo'd sae lang and lang,
I'll fauce that I leez ye still,
When far beyon' the rolling sea.

When frae yond hills the morning kythes,
Wi' throbbing heart I gang awa',
What sorrows and what trying lifes
In wrangry hands may gather me!
The hoorlen and the blue-bell fair,
The heather and the yellow broom—
Oh, will they ever flourish there,
And shield the sweet-faw'd cushat's nest?

The wild deer on Benlaid's array,
Along the green shall skip and play;
The bees shall roar Loch Lomond's dewy,
Whilst I am roaming far away!
Wi' the lark in misty days o' spring,
Wi' the dawn the mavis hails her,
Who then shall hear the linnet sing?
Wi' then shall roam the grouse and ptarmigan?
Adieu, my Highland home, adieu!
Adieu, ye vales and meadows green!
And thee, my cot! I think o' you.
I'll think o' each delightful scene,
Farewell, sweet friends! a hearty dear—
Oh that I ne'er had seen the day!
The glories o' auld Scotland see!
Her glens an' mountains ramble over—
Oh! mest it never, never be!

TO-NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY M., JR.

Sweep not the golden light away,
Then dark and dismal thing,
Oh, let earth's favorite, laughing day,
Her smiles extend or fling.
Why may its misty robes of grey,
In morning's rosy hood,
And shower the dew like silver spray
Down the depths of yonder wood.

Hang in the arches of the sky
Thy little lamps at night,
And spread around Heaven's throne on high,
Their sweet beams bright.
Then with the light of morning hours,
And day's more genial glimpse,
And jewels from the moon's pale bowers,
And beauteous starry beams,
Then shall a welcome ever flow
With earth's delighted train,
While her serenity begins to glow,
And own her sovereign reign. B. A.

Original Sketch.

HEROISM;
AN INCIDENT OF Napoleon's War with Spain.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY MARY STUART.

It was early in the spring of 1810. Napoleon was meditating the subjugation of Spain, and adding fresh leaves to his already overgrown laurel crown.

Murat was in Madrid, at the head of his troops. It is well known that Russia was at that period a friend to France. Baron Strogonoff, the Russian Ambassador, was residing at Madrid, on friendly terms with Murat, and was to the habit of listening to his schemes of war. He was a diplomatist, and one natural result of his neutral position, which, made him, on more than one occasion, an excellent and valuable counsellor. In the following story the secret of the success of a plan of his proposing, affords also a case of as rare youthful heroism, as ever fell to the lot of adventurous boyhood.

Observing, as they sat together one evening, that Murat appeared perplexed, he inquired the reason.

A shade passed over the dark countenance of Murat as he replied, "I am indeed perplexed, and this time the evil is beyond your reach."

"You are not so sure of that," replied the lively Russian, taking his segar out of his mouth. "tell me what is the matter."

"The Duke of Berg," as Murat was called in Italy, from his extreme love of dress, used unconsciously in his moments of excitement.

"I am indeed perplexed!" repeated he. "The fact is, that I have important despatches to send to General Junot, at Lisbon, and the difficulties which lie in my way are, I fear, insurmountable. All the roads, canal and small, and even the woods, are filled with Spanish troops, or, what is worse, with marauders! Something, I see in my pleasant estate of 'Gemmelli' a papers, and yet, my not doing so, may cause our common ruin at Paris."

The Russian Ambassador put his segar in his mouth again, and fell into a fit of musing. Murat gazed in silence upon his face, as it reclined back on the wall by the light of the pair of tallow candles. Suddenly he saw the wide mouth open.

"I have it! I have it! the matter is out-flung in the world. Admiral Siniavin, our Admiral, is in the port of Lisbon. Send me one of the bravest and sharpest, in your suite, or your French Lancers. He shall put on a Russian uniform, I will give him despatches for the Admiral; you can give him your instructions for the French Admiral verbally, and I will answer for it that all will be right, even though he should be taken prisoner twenty times between this and Lisbon. The Spanish army is too ignorant to preserve the Russian neutrality, to make a moment's out of mine a source of disagreement with my country.

Murat, though somewhat doubtful, liked the scheme. Seizing pen and ink, he wrote as follows to Rostoski, the commandant-in-chief of the Polish troops who had joined the French army.

"Despatches of moment are to be immediately forwarded to General Junot at Lisbon. Select for that purpose an intelligent and courageous young man from your troops, the best you have, and send him to me.

MURAT."

Two days after, a youth presented himself before Murat; he was one of the Polish contingent decided he would answer with his life. He was but eighteen years old, and named Leckinski. Murat was but a little astonished to find the youth, anxious the utmost eagerness to undertake this expedition, one of no common peril, for, if discovered by the Spaniards, his fate would be certain death. He listened with a smile to all anticipations of danger and difficulty, and said, with a bow

"If your Imperial highness will give me my orders, I pledge myself to execute the mission. I am deeply grateful to my commander for having chosen my fleet-wing my companion. There was not one who was not emulous of the distinction."

Murat spoke favorably of the young Pole's courage and intelligence. He gave him his verbal instructions, Baron Strogonoff supplied him with a bundle of unimportant messages to Admiral Siniavin. The young man was equipped in a Russian uniform, and set out for Portugal on horseback.

During the first two days he pursued his course without molestation; but, on the afternoon of the third day, he was surrounded by a party of Spanish troops, who questioned and threatened him, and ordered him before the general in command of the military force of the district. His name was Catanzo.

Leckinski knew perfectly well that he was lost if suspected to be an adherent of the French. Consequently, he answered all questions evasively, and would not to utter a syllable of French, but to confine himself entirely to Russian and German, which languages he spoke with facility. The angry interrogations of the troops who conducted him to Catanzo, sufficiently convinced him of the safe that would await him if his real character and destination were made known. The horrible death of General Rena, who only a few weeks previously, had perished miserably, on the other edifice than that of attempting to join Junot, might well have shaken his fortitude.

"Who are you?" asked the Spanish General in French.

Leckinski looked at his interrogator, and replied in German, "I do not understand."

General Catanzo understood German; but not wishing to occupy his own time with that business he called one of the officers of his staff and gave the matter over to him. The examination was continued. The young Pole gave his answers alternately in Russian and in German, keeping himself most cautiously on his guard against dropping a single word of French. He had to be very part to play, for he was narrowly watched by a corps of fierce Spaniards, thirsting for his blood, and betray ing a single expression that he might be Italy guilty; that was declared to be in the employ of the French.

The furious excitement was increased, and his safety much endangered by a circumstance which now occurred. An aid-de-camp of Catanzo, who had been at one time in the service of the French, exclaimed, "I do not understand, sacre!"

"Sacre!" cried the interpreter, in French, "the fellow says he takes on, and he would like to see the whole nation united as one man, that he might annihilate it at a single blow."

Other officers, who were present, the eyes of the whole assembly attentively watched the prisoner's countenance, to see what effect would be produced by this new trick, or rather snare. He stood perfectly unmoved.

"Gentlemen," said General Catanzo, "it appears to me that there is no ground of suspicion against this young man, and therefore he must be set at liberty and allowed to pursue his journey immediately."

Accordingly, his arms and his passport were returned to him, and he was ordered to march on, passing through a series of trains which required almost superhuman fortitude and presence of mind, before he was actually out of the city. Leckinski, however, preserved his countenance, and walked slowly and calmly in Lisbon, but, when he had fairly gained the fortress of Junot, he ran with the speed of a deer, and was soon safely within the walls.

His young and handsome wife was sitting on a yellow cushion, playing the guitar.

"Rosita," said he, "I think, since I am a French spy, but he pretends to be in the Russian service, that may be but a pretext, nevertheless we have not yet been able to muster horse enough to set off. Woman's art will sometimes avail where man's sagacity has failed; come with me to the guard-house."

In that country of ruthless wiles, duennas and intrigues, Rosita loved her husband. Her guitar was quickly laid aside, the yellow cushion thrown away, her mantilla thrown over her black hair, and, this time the evil is beyond your reach."

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MURAT."

For Tea Drinkers.

THE TEA-FAIRY.
A Chinese Legend.

VERSIFIED TRANSLATED FROM ANTIPATRON.
BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

An ancient chronicle, written long before barbarous foreign nations had penetrated into the celestial empire, tells us of one who otherwards became famous in Chinese history. My father—I begins abruptly, and we shall imitate the simplicity of the chronicle, giving it in the very words—lived on a little estate upon the Yellow River. Two only reminded of all his children, my sister and myself. When I reflect how little care or pains were bestowed on my education, I marvel I did not grow up a barbarian. My father was too much absorbed in the pursuits of learning, and left to the elders of his family. His condition may be imagined, when it is known that, at his death, he left an encyclopedia of his own compiling—not so fewer than a hundred volumes. My sister and I were of very different characters; I loved an active life, she was fond of repose. She was a beauty as many of our family had been; and celebrated for a singularly long, delicate white nail on the little finger of her left hand. As this also grew, her reputation as a belle increased, and suitors flocked around her.

I had reached my eighteenth year, and had learned to travel and see something of the world. My father dominated me for this purpose, with many earnest counsels, and I, on my part, meant to be wiser

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1847.

TERMS.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MARSH GRAHAM. Shall be happy to hear from you occasionally.

THE SOWER AND THE REAPER. We by no means deem our paying Lowell a number, as this poem might pass muster, only "If love his wept—how full," is not good grammar. We a summer allow such errors to pass, but generally they are fatal to a piece that otherwise shines.

TRUE LOVE PERSISTS. The po-m is very pretty, and is accepted. The accompanying poem is not fit to print in its present form, but is also accepted. We can rather decide for about the verses quoted above—if we remember right, they were not accepted positively.

TO ANNIE. J. R. H. must send us his full name. We require it as a guarantee of originality.

SCRIBER. Our friend is right. *He* has such hot weather as we have had, we cannot ask its owners in praise of Summer. Let him write us an ode to beautiful Autumn, or sing the "*varied* year."

LAY MAN KANE. There are one [illegible] hits in this essay; but it is rather too heavy.

H. M.'s pieces are received, but not yet examined.

TO POSTMASTERS.

Postmasters who wish to receive the Saturday Post may try to us, will please remember that the law relative to Post Office Drafts, went out of operation upon the first of this month. To old pieces of bank warning the money direct to us, will henceforward have to be inserted in.

THE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

The news from the seat of war is, as usual, very uncertain, and contradictory. It-ott was to have marched forward on the 7th, if he was not to march forward at all. Santa Anna, who but a few weeks ago was the great obstacle (to believe the Washington letter writers), is a very decided by a large portion of the Mexican people, is now the friend of peace; while Congress and the people are determined upon war till death—or—et. "Will they, they cowards their banners." Poor Santa Anna is then coming quite into favor again with the letter writers, and we expect to see but so long a propo-ition that his "forty legs" be sent back to him—perhaps this will contain some articles of the treaty "that never is, but, always to be" made.

Our readers well note a strange "rock and bull" story (as it seems to us) in another column, to the effect that despatches between Scott and Santa Anna have been intercepted by the Mexicans and opened—that Santa Anna therein promises to withdraw his troops, &c., &c., which promise has made a great sensation at the Mexican Capital—that Santa Anna alleges, however, it is all a ruse to deceive Scott, &c. Now, this story we hate for there is no telling what a Mexican leader may not do, but, if it is so, it is one of the most cute *ex* developments of a most curiously developed war. At present, however, we do not believe a word of it.

The New York Sun has received private de spatches from the city of Mexico, as late as July 30th. From this source we learn that the American prisoners are occasionally seen in public, are fully clothed, and that they are treated as fellow-men. That Santa Anna exercises dictatorial powers, that there are at least 15,000 men collected for the protence of the city, that few arms are scarce, but clothes and swords abundant, and that they have thirty-two pieces of heavy cannon for the forts at Pinon.

That they are eating cannon daily. That pots and kettles are being made from old copper, old bells, and even buttons are eagerly seized by Santa Anna for the supply of the foundry. That he has closed all the foundry to prevent the casting of the gun metal, which are principally An ricans and Englishmen. That two companies of the U. S. Dragoons are employed at Puebla. That the fact is correct Gabaldie. And that it will mount sixty guns, while so many more can be planted efficiently on the adjoining hills, that Scott only occupies just enough to enable Santa Anna to have them cast—that he has only moreover, that are of all these preparations for defence. Santa Anna is throwing up an anchor to windward—battling preparations for a rainy day. It would that he is not laying hands and necks, granting leases of mines and mints, and collecting millions of specie, a large portion of which is to be sent to England for the private account. Every British steamer from Vera Cruz or Tampico, it is alleged, is conveying some of his specie to a place of safe keeping in England.

Still more singular news is furnished by this "private despatch" of the Post. It says that General Pinzon, the Ex-President of Mexico, has left Havana for Vera Cruz, and that word has been sent to the American commandant at Vera Cruz to arrest him immediately upon his arrival, which, also, may be true—but, if it be true, is very strange, and unmeaning, as we said before, that there is no guessing what a Mexican leader will do.

To sum up the whole matter before, in our mind, we consider the aspect of affairs at the present writing, to be very favorable.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The news from Europe, which was brought by the steamship Cambria, is rather more important than usual. There has been another decline in breadstuffs, the extent of which may be seen by the following table —

The prices of Breadstuffs in Liverpool

	July 23.	August 3.
	Per Bushel.	Per Bushel.
American wheat	7s 4 to 8s 4	7s 4 to 8s 4
Indian corn	30 6 a 31 6	29 6 a 30 6
Indian meal	21 0 a 21 6	14 0 a 15 0
Western flour	26 6 a 28 0	27 6 a 27 6

The last and greatest fall of prices, at Liverpool, was on the 2d and 4th of August (i.e. the commencement of the month).

In the cotton market there had been a slight decline, but the market had recovered itself before the departure of the Cambria, and prices stood as they did previously.

In some of the manufacturing towns there is a slight improvement in trade, caused principally by the receipts of American orders. Generally speaking, however, the commercial world is dull.

The reports of the harvest in England and Ireland are of the most encouraging character. The wheat crops promised to be plentiful and sound; the potato crops are very comfortable. It is admitted, however, that the disease has appeared in some parts.

A considerable conspiracy, of the most atrocious character, it will be seen, has been discovered at Rome. The object of the conspirators, who amounted to several hundreds in number, was to massacre the cardinals assembled in Conclave at Rome, and the Pope. Cardinals, or exalted civil and military officers, have been condemned to have been executed.

Six forts still remain unsettled in Greece, and the minor rioting against between Rome and Circassia is still going on. India also promises to give its British masters a little more trouble. The four great powers of the earth, England, France, Russia and the United States, seem to have their hands full with their refractory pupils, Chine and India, Algiers, Circassia and Mexico.

NAUGHTY AND UNDIGNIFIED.

They had quite a serious time in Gotham on Sunday week. Mr. Lectrigan, agent to the French consumer, who if it only charitable to suppose is a stark-naked gentleman, endeavored to use the face to the soldier of the Cemetery and Daguerre as a [illegible]. Col. Webb, not relishing the compliment, struck the Frenchman over the head with his cane. The parties were soon separated. Verdict, the aggressor is insane.

NO FRUIT.

The Flushing, Long Island, Journal says, that there is an almost total failure of the crop of apples and pears in that quarter. What apples there are on the trees will scarcely be worth the picking.

THINGS IN ENGLAND.

The proprietor of the New York Herald, in his last letter from England, says —

The elections are progressing with great spirit all over England. It is now admitted and settled that the Whigs of Commons will have much increased power in the next parliament. The Tories have been defeated for the last two hundred years—perhaps since the Long Parliament. In spite of the Duke of Wellington's influence, or of the aristocracy of all kinds, a large majority of the Commons, of the cities radical members, have been returned. It is now said that with the new Commons, and with neither Russell, Peel, nor any of their colleagues in the cabinet, the Queen will be able to form a cabinet of her choice, and, coupled with the recent repeal of the corn laws, will be satisfactory to the Irish, settled, in Italy and in Germany, begins to open men's minds to some remarkable events before the end of the year. Louis Philippe is the first European—who can tell which? The most popular man in England, or in Europe, is decidedly the Pope, Pius IX. Only think of the.

Mr. Bennett has such a habit of exaggeration, that he is not the best authority in political matters; but the late elections have been undoubtedly unexpectedly favorable to the Free Trade party, which, in England, is the party of the great Manufacturers, the capitalists, the middle classes, and, to a certain extent, the people against the Agriculture interest and the nobility. It looks a little singular, at first sight, that the Free Traders of England should be, to a great extent, the same classes which in this country are opposed to Free Trade. But a moment's thought will explain the whole matter. It is supposed that the manufacturers of England are moderate all our manufacturers, therefore the former advocate free competition, and the latter oppose it; while the popular cry against the Corn laws is based on that our Agriculturists can undersell them; therefore they are in favor of Protection, while the capitalists, &c., are in favor of free trade in this country to send among the Agriculturists. So, it appears, there are still some selfish motives left in the world to "a few more left," as the Rover Stray Man says.

But, coming back to Mr. Bennett's letter, we have the following remarks upon the Duke of Wellington in England. The British Aristocracy learned a lesson from the first one, which they will never forget. It grew out of the Reform Bill. England nobility always hold on to their privileges until they foresee that they must ultimately yield them; and then, they make a virtue of the necessity, in that at the right time, give up, as a kind of favor, what in a few years they would otherwise be compelled to yield as a right. A Reform parliament in England shortly after the passage of the Anti-Corn Law Bill, gave to, the other day, the Duke of Wellington a present, and on that occasion. The bill has passed the House, and was before the Peers. The Peers did not wish to pass it, but were in a state of great perplexity; we will honor Russell's position, for others, foreseeing is it the commencement of a long train of similar attacks upon their order, thought it best to give up gracefully, and to save what they could. Some of the leaders of the people have passed this bill, and it is demanded by the public sentiment of the country. It is my opinion that the bill before the Lords will be passed by a large majority.

LORD PALMERSTON.

We have already had occasion to speak of chronicling some absurd and foolish allusions of the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, towards the United States, in a speech given at Edinburgh, in which he made some remarks of a very different character, made since by him in the House of Commons.

Shortly before the meeting of Parliament, Mr. Sotheries (a very appropriate name), moved an address to Her Majesty "that she will be graciously pleased to direct that there be laid before this House a copy of the letter from the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to Her Britannic Majesty's Minister at Washington, and to the Governor of Texas in fond and money of the Legislature and citizens of the United States of America for the relief of the people of Ireland, and for the people of America for the relief of that country, one committee having raised a sum of not less than £100,000, and another of £20,000." The letter to which these large contributions were converted into food and transmitted to Ireland was also matter of surprise to the people of England, and Lord Clarendon having read extracts from several letters received from various parts of the United States, to show the generous spirit in which the relief committees of the American people were conducted, proceeded to remark in the most friendly and grateful manner upon the liberality displayed by them.

After Mr Sotheries had concluded, Mr. Bowen endorsed the opportunity to give utterance to similar sentiments, and then Lord Palmerston rose and said —

I have very great pleasure in acquiescing in and supporting the motion of my honorable friend. The only regret I can feel on the occasion is, that although the despatch for which he has moved expresses in strong terms the feelings of Her Majesty government and the nation upon the occasion, it cannot animate the whole of the British nation, still I am sensible that no terms of words could be employed by me could adequately convey the feelings of thankfulness and admiration which I have felt for the liberality with which the United States have exerted amongst all classes of Her Majesty's subjects.

* * * * * * *

I agree with my honorable friend that transactions of this nature are calculated in the strongest manner those ties which ought to unite the United States and this country, and which, I trust, ought not to be lost sight of—that while on the one hand acts of generosity such as these bind and cheer the affections of those upon whom they have been conferred, on the other hand they do honor to the very exercise which accompanies them of good and kindly feelings, to increase the affection of those who have been the authors of those generous acts. And therefore, it is, both in regard to the motives which these actions proclaim in America, and the hopes to think that whatever may have been the sufferings and calamities which gave rise to these acts, still the words they will so far have been attended with happy results that they have afforded us our lesson, and taught us a lesson that will never be forgotten by us as long as we remain a nation.

Lord Morpeth, so well known for his liberal sentiments and advocacy of the rights of the poorest classes, then rose and expressed similar sentiments, and the motion was agreed to. We give place in these proceedings with pleasure, as they will have some effect to neutralize the just indignation which the rude conduct of Lord Palmerston, in relation to debtor States, was calculated to call forth in this country.

A CURIOUS FACT.

The Liverpool Times contains a fact relative to the Oregon Negotiation, which was brought to light at the late elections in Glasgow. It says that Mr. Macgregor, one of the board of trade, one of the cabinet, stated that at the time the British Ambassador at Washington, the Hon. Mr. Pakenham, received the proposition from the American government to settle the boundary of Oregon, he (Mr. Pakenham) received instructions from the British government to offer to settle a letter to Mr McGregor, in which he strongly deprecated Mr. Pakenham's conduct, which, if persisted in, would result in war, and which, to a certainty, embroiled the countries, and suggested an equitable compromise, taking the 49th parallel as the basis of an arrangement. Mr. Pakenham was actuated by the men of Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo who in the meantime had the treaty ratified by the cabinet, privileged, and in manufactured like for at least twenty years. The Duke of Wellington, by his energy and breaking a vow of secession, called forth to be come acquainted with our fellow-citizens, by changing our purpose, and that of all the world, when, in the person of the Colonies the people of the United States have been, unfettered (if the does which have been so long and foolishly frank) with perfect and bad taste, many of them, with the most liberal and warm hearted, cordial and pleasant of a constant kind with every one of the people of England, and of

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Foreign News.

ARRIVAL OF THE CAMBRIA.

FURTHER DECLINE IN BREADSTUFFS

By the arrival of the Cambria, at Boston, we have Liverpool dates to the 4th inst. The following is a summary of the European news:

Flour has fallen to 27s@28s. 6d., and Indian corn to 33s@35s.

Parliament has been dissolved, and the new elections are proceeding vigorously. So far as the returns have been received, they indicate a decline in the tory trade party. In the Parliament recently dissolved, the Protectionists numbered more than one fourth of the whole number, and the Peel party were of almost equal strength; whether they will be successful at the election proceedings the Liberal party form three fifths of the number, the other parties existing are respectively one sixth. The ministerial party are now also returned. Mr. Robert Peel is returned for Tamworth. Mr. Macaulay has been returned for Edinburgh. George O'Connor, the Chartist, is returned for Nottingham, over Feargus O'Connor, who was also returned. Mr. Hardinge, the late minister, was also defeated. George Thompson, the abolitionist, is returned for the Tower Hamlets. Lord John Russell was returned at the head of the poll for the city of London, and Alderman Gibbs, the Tory candidate, up to this time, are as follows—Liberals, 1307; Protectionists, 1107. Sir Robert Peel and Lord Russell was returned at the head of the poll for the city of London,

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE NATIONAL ERA.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

When first the elms grow warm and bright,
And thick and full the leaves,
And, in her pale, fine robes, the Spring
Is out up to the fervor—
Then to the old homestead
Come the children, with unclipped feet,
Go forth with hearts of glee,
To the bright and even fortune
Where the yellow corn must be
What a beautiful, rich inheritance!
Of acres, devoid of pride,
Is the good old-fashioned homestead,
With doors that open wide!

But when the happiest time is come,
That to the year belongs,
Of ripened fruits with golden gold,
And meadows full of songs;
When fields of air put unripened cares,
And daily governing stores,
Remind the thrifty husbandmen
Of ampler threshing-floors—
How pleasant, from the fix and dust
Of the thoroughfare aloof,
Seems the old-fashioned homestead,
With sleepy cool nursery roof!

When home the woodsman plods, with axe
Upon his shoulder swung,
And in the frosted apple tree
Are wrybs and sickle hung:
When light the swallows twitter
'Neath the rafters of the shed,
And the robin on the frost porch
With sweeter zeal is merry—
The hearts are lighter and freer
That bear in the gathered fruits,
In the old fashioned homestead,
With golden sheaf and kernel.

When the flowers of summer perish
In the cold and bitter rain,
And the little birds with weary wings
Have gone over the main;
When, north the hi- storm-spurred
Towards the blue sky,
And cold along the naked hills
And white the snow drifts lie—
In legends of love and piety
They forget the cloud and storm,
In the old-fashioned homestead,
With hearth stone sacrificed.

Selected Articles.

REMARKABLE ECCENTRICITY.

As long since as the time when Carter, the celebrated latter of wild beasts, who has recently died in London, gave exhibitions in Paris, they spoke of an American who followed him in all his journeys, and was regarded as one of all his exhibitors. The American, whose profile has been drawn by Eugene Sue, in one of his romances, was an original character, a Hessian about Lisle, whom the hope of enjoying a strange pleasure attached to the footsteps of the beast tamer. One day, in one of the principal clubs in London, he made wagers with twenty different persons, that, in the end, Carter would be devoured by his beasts. His adversaries had chances of a natural or accidental death. They were of the American, which was recorded on the registry of the club, with the signatures of all the parties, intrusted to sixty thousand pounds sterling. The sum made the bet a very important one and yet it was not on that account that our American exchanged himself with it. It was not to win over his million and a half of francs that he followed at that time Carter's menagerie. He only became! little use the pecuniary profit; it was the fact that interested him. He would willingly have given his life for the experiment. He had received from the beast. Persuaded that Carter must perish under the teeth of a lion or a tiger, he wished to be present at that blow from a close.

It required this hope to keep alive his failing curiosity. That single thought employed all his activity. In expectation to witness the fault of a man devoured by his own wild beasts. The curiosity, this desire, had become in him a perfect passion. He lived only in the hope, the expectation of the fortunate moment when he could witness the martyrdom of Carter. For ten years did he follow that man, with a perseverance that neither cold discomfort nor that canine portrayed over the high roads, behind the huge wagon that transported these beasts; one hearts. He lodged in the same inns with these terrible guests. He was present regularly at the feeding of the lions and tigers: he was always by when the keeper gave his rations and made his exhibitions.

He did not miss on a single occasion: he was on the look-out for the least sign, and at the hour of the public exhibition he put himself in the first ranks, in a side box on the lower floor, to witness the catastrophe as near as possible. An additional open glass brought him nearer still; he lost not a single movement of the animal; a waving the muzzle when his natural ferocity; alloyed for the time by his tamer, would return with a rush. Carter knew him well, as also his expectation, and took it all in good part; no unconsciousness was he and so much had his habit of associating with lions and tigers made him indulgent towards each guttery appetites. Every time he entered the place of exhibition, Carter would mechanically look towards her of the American with a significant smile, which the inflexible spectator would return with an air that seemed to say, "see if it is not the time."

This exhibition over, the patient American would put his opera-glass back into its case, and withdraw, saying:—Well, it may be the next time."

Sometimes he would make this reflection loud enough for Carter to hear him, and the amenial monsieur beast tamer would smile at a wish so naively offered. In the course of his long waiting, the American had had one moment of semi-emotion, this was last year, one day, when the favorite lion of Carter, forgetful of the lessons of clemency that had been inculcated, and resuming his natural character, employed his teeth and scratched his paw for a little—although the American encouraged the lion all he could with his looks, his manly and his voice. Carter succeeded in recalling him to order, and restoring him to a proper calmness and gentleness.

This incident entered, however, to encourage the American, showing him how many chances there were of the end of the entire piece. He hoped more than ever, when one day he learned that Carter had been taken dangerously ill—unmentionably the American ran to the best physicians in London,—he took them to the will beast to eat, whom he surrounded with the most devoted and intelligent medical care. It was all in vain. Carter died under the attack. In despair, not so much at having lost his bet, as at having to renounce the hope of contemplating the martyrdom of Carter, and of seeing him serve as a meal to his own wild beasts the American burst into tears, and left Tuesday in the Paris of St. James.—*Correspondent of London Atlas.*

INSECT SLAVERY.

The most remarkable fact connected with the history of ants, is the progressory possessed by certain species to kidnap the workers or other species and compel them to labor for the benefit of the community, this making them completely as slaves and, as far as we just know, the kidnappers are red, or pale-colored ants, and the slaves like the ill natured inhabitants of Africa are of a jet black. The time for capturing slaves extends over a period of about ten weeks, and never commences until the nests and females are fully emerging from the pupa state, and thus the ruthless marauders never interfere with the continuation of the species. This interest seems to be generally personal, for these slaves are created for no other and thus to fill the station of slavery to which their appear to be destined, still, as we must differ in this, were the slave to be made on their nests to before the winged marauds have departed or are dispersed, strange with the duty of continuing their kind. When the we ants are about to make forth on a marauding expedition, they send scouts in advance to find out the precise position in which a colony of negroes may be found. These scouts having discovered the object of their search, return to the nest and report their discovery. Then they remain the army of red ants marches forth, headed by a vanguard which is perpetually changing, the individuals which constitute it, when they have advanced a little before the main body, halting, falling into the rear, and being replaced by others. This vanguard consists of eight or ten ants only. When they have arrived near the negro colony they disperse, wandering through the herbage and hearing about an ounce of the propensity to the object of their search, yet ignorant of its exact position. At last they discover the settlements, and the foremost of the invaders, rushing impetuously to the attack, are met, grappled with, and frequently killed by the negroes on guard. The alarm is quickly communicated to the interior of the nest; the negroes sally forth by thousands; and the red ants rushing to the rescue, a desperate conflict ensues which, however, always terminates in the defeat of the negroes, who retire to the innermost recesses of their habitation. Now follows the scene of pillage. The red ants, with their powerful jaws, bite near the sides of the negro and nymphs and rush into the heart of the citadel. In a few minutes each invader emerges, carrying in its mouth the pupa of a worker negro, which it has obtained in spite of the vigilance and valor of its natural guardians. The red ants r fiers in perfect order to their nest, bearing with them their living burden. On reaching the nest the pupa appears to be treated precisely as their own; and the negroes, when they emerge, perform the various duties of the community with the greatest energy and apparent good-will. They re pair the nest, feed the larvæ, collect food, tend the larvæ, take the pupa into the sunshine, and perform every office which the welfare of the colony seems to require. They conduct themselves entirely as if fulfilling their original destiny.—*Newman's History of Insects.*

Choice Selections.

MORALITIES DRAWN FROM THE BEE.

We very much question the utility of the common "moralities" drawn from the industry and prudence of the bee. Storing and hoarding are rather the curse than the requirement of our ordinary nature; and few accept the very pungent and the very poor, require to have this sermon impressed upon them. It is rather instinct to believe that, had Almighty Wisdom intended this to be the lesson drawn from the consideration of the works of His creatures, we should have been referred to His revealed Word to the housewifery at this insect "soul of the air," rather than to the ravens, which "have neither storehouse nor barn."

Yet the thrifty bee is never more set before us as a pattern in the Bible. The wise King, indeed, who "spake of trees, from the cedar tree, of creeping things and of fishes," has referred the sluggard and the distrustful to the early hours, and the "making while it is yet day;" and the guileless security of the ant, but we see nothing in his words which necessarily implies approbation of that anxious carefulness of the morrow, which we are elsewhere so gravely told to shun, and which is but too often the mask of real covetousness of heart. And we believe that the bee, because she is not, though ordinarily provides for its daily bread, does not lay up the Winter store wherewith to fare sumptuously every day.

We know, that in sayin' this, we are flying into the spirited eyes of ravish' mothers and brother bees, who, time out of mind, have quoted it as has been quoted to them, the busy bee as the sure screpter of worldly prudence and prosperity; but we believe that we can show a more sensible and wise way even for earthly honor, if they, as Christ's servants will content themselves with those types compared of regular troops, Infinite, and Infinite along the shore, down to the banks of the Montmorenci, a river which literally rolls into the St. Lawrence, about seven miles below Quebec. He rightly judged that Wolfe would try to land below, not above the city. Montcalm few allies was sent to watch that point, and nothing could have served the English cause and conquerors at the salon-

Our Picture Gallery.

DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

[We present our readers this week, with an engraving of the death of General Wolfe, taken from Benjamin West's famous picture. The following is an account of the battle in which he was killed:]

In 1759 it was resolved by the British government to make a vigorous and effectual effort to conquer Canada from the French. Three expeditions were prepared, which were all ultimately to unite. General Amherst was to march from New York, seize the forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and then descend the St. Lawrence. Another force was to land from the St. Lawrence, join General Wolfe, who by that time would have arrived before Quebec with a fleet and army. The third expedition was to take Fort Niagara; afterwards, sailing across Lake Ontario, and down the Cataraqui, take Montreal; and then, if necessary, co-operate with Amherst and Wolfe. The plan was a bold one, but liable to many interruptions which could not be foreseen, or at least prevented. Each armament succeeded, in spite of many difficulties, in accomplishing its separate objects; and as Wolfe was successful without the co-operation of the others we may confine our attention to him and Wolfe.

The fleet containing Wolfe and his army arrived on the island of Orleans early in June. Montcalm, the French commander-in chief, a brave officer, immediately encamped with a numerous army, composed of regular troops, militia, and Indians, the shore, down to the banks of the Montmorenci, a river which literally rolls into the St. Lawrence, about seven miles below Quebec. He rightly judged that Wolfe would try to land below, not above the city. Montcalm few allies was sent to watch that point, and nothing could have served the English cause and conquerors at the salon-

light infantry scaled the path, dislodged a sergeant's guard at the top, and the news was carried to the astonished Montcalm, that Le Regulars were on the Plains of Abraham.

He brought down his army and the battle began about nine in the morning. Shortly after its commencement, Wolfe was shot in the wrist; he wrapped a handkerchief round it and continued giving orders. Advancing at the head of the grenadiers, with their bayonets fixed, another shot entered his breast. He leaned upon an officer, who sat down for the purpose, and death was standing over him. A cry of "They run, they run!" startled him.—"Who run?" he said, with inquiries. "The French." "What! do they run already?—then I die happy." He expired almost immediately afterwards.

Montcalm was mortally wounded by the same gun which the English had been able to drag up the heights: he died in Quebec next day. Quebec capitulated on the 17th; and the English fleet left the river, a strong garrison being placed in the city. During the Winter the garrison suffered severely from the scurvy, and in the Spring of 1760, the French came down from Montreal, and occupied the plains of Abraham. General Murray resisted an engagement, and then retired within the Quebec. But for the opportune arrival of an English fleet in the river, the city might have been recaptured in the following autumn. As it was, Canada remained what battles often are—a mere waste of human life.

All Canada surrendered in 1760, the inhabitants quietly taking the oath of allegiance to their conqueror, so that the province was not destroyed with a prolonged resistance. It was ceded to Britain by the treaty of Paris in 1763.

Love Song.

BY SAM. C. LOVER.

Lady, I would woo thee,
But I cannot woo in vain;
Much seems court to thee,
With that sunny brow,
But whilst fondly with gladness.
Two a presence—there is the fear a direct
Dare a tenderness silence
O'er my smiling mood.
Lady, I would woo thee,
But I scarce know how.

Lady, I would woo thee,
When I feel my heart
Not when whispering to thee,
Much in thine eye,
Oh! how bright the darker.
Lovers love in the shade
Of the dewy leaden
Of my tearful mood.
Lady, I would woo thee,
But I scarce know how.

Smiling, love, or weeping,
Call me what you will,
Love will then be keeping
What's needed my help
I'd never set the monster
What say that may be,
So the joy or sorrow
Might be shar'd with thee.
Lady, I would woo thee,
But I scarce know how.

Fun and Frolic.

FRIENDS TO UNION.

Among the men who dine diverse can,
For "Union" one, and one "No Union" cries.
Shame on the w-s that such dispute began
Ladies are all for women—a man.

GEN. LEE AND DR. CURTIS.—John B. Curtis, was a surgeon in the Army of the Revolution and residing in Philadelphia, lodged in a house where General Lee was then boarding. The doctor was a personable man and not indifferent to dress. The General, suddenly entering the sitting-room, found the doctor before the glass, carefully affixing a curl.

"Curling," says Lee, "you must be the happiest man in creation."

The former turned round with a smile of self complacency.

"And why, General?" says he.

"Why?" replied Lee, "because you are in love with yourself, and have not a rival on earth."

LORD ALVANLEY.—Lord Alvanley, that one at whom of yours is first rate," said a friend to the celebrated apothecary.

"I know! of! I know'd it!" said the pleased vender of drugs. "Don't keep nothing but first rate Lester's stuff.

And Lester, said the joker, coolly, "I want to buy another pound of ye."

"Another pound!"

"Yes, sir, I got that pound I bought the other day to peck penny, and it made him drunken sick, and I am pretty sure another pound would kill him."

"Good of the first."

A LIAR.—Among the many accolades of Buena Vista, one beats all others. An Arkansas soldier, wounded, sent an indictment to help him off the field. The latter soon returned, and, as he led his horse, riding himself before. During the ride, the poor Arkansas had left hind shot off, unknown to himself. Arriving at the doctor's tent, he dismounted, and discovered what he wanted.

"I thought that critter was the leg you wanted," said the driver, "but I guess I'm mistook—off!"

"The ——— liar!" exclaimed the doctor, looking behind him. "he did not—he—he—cut off—to the leg!"

RUSTY PLUTARCH.—The author of the famous Lord Abington, who use remarkable for his matchless wit, was at one time, when a boy, a fag to Dr. Isaac in the vicinity of Oxford, and a sad struggle he had along the road, with whom his birthday came, and he made a stop and thought on the best way to ask his holiday asked the boy if he knew him. He replied "Yes."

"What is my name?" inquired his tenderly.

"Why, Lord Abingdon," replied the lad.

"Then why don't you take off your hat?"

"Do I will, sir," said the boy, "if you'll hold the colt."

HARRIED.—Gentlem, perhaps you'd like a song from one of those fellows that's always singing about daughters—when he came to the passage, "Dearest friends and kindest lovers," he would sing "Dearest lovers; a fellow in the pit cried out, "that's just half a dozen spoken." An incensed laugh prevailed, and another fellow called out from the lower during the remainder of the representation.

ONE OF SHAKESPEARE.—A fellow who applied to an optician for a pair of spectacles, after having looked at several, said he could not read with them. "Could you ever read?" inquired the optician. "No," said the fellow, "if I could, do you think me so great an ass as to wish to wear glasses?"

EARLY RISING.—Hello, Jim, get up!—the sun has been shining this two hours," said a father to a sleepy-headed son.

"Well, father," replied the lad, "if I had to travel as far as he must to-day, I would have been up three hours ago."

For Lovers.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

The following, from "Every One's Book," contains some suggestions on a subject in respect to which good advice is particularly desirable:

There is no more delicate undertaking to a modest and sensitive young man, than asking the girl he loves to marry him, and there are few who do not feel their moral courage tasked to the utmost.

Many a man who would lead a forlorn hope, mount a breach, or enter the jubilee regulations even in the cannon's mouth," trembles at the idea of asking a woman the question which is to decide his fate. It is not easy to give utterance to such a nature and custom have made them the responding party.

In a matter which men have always found so terrible, yet which, in one way or other, they have always contrived in some awkward way to accomplish, it is not easy to give instructions suited to every emergency.

A man naturally conforms to the disposition of the woman he addresses. If she be serious, he will approach the awful subject with due solemnity—if gay and lively, he will make it an excellent joke. If she is sentimental, he must come in for a strain of high-wrought romance, and if severely practical, he relies upon straight-forward common sense.

There are no means of universal application. Never lose an opportunity. What can a woman think of a lover who neglects one? Women can, and do, read the hidden meaning of the heart, even in giving men occasions to make them. In every case it is fair to presume that when a woman gives a man an opportunity of speaking to her privately, it is understood by him to be for the purpose of declaring himself. Under such circumstances he must be a fool indeed who cannot find words to express his meaning.

A man is never excused for taking a thing for granted. A gentleman who has been paying attentions to Miss Mary, when she says, "Good night, Mary," she says don't think such a conclusion correct.

What everybody knows we are going to get married and it might as well be one time as another," are what stand in bad.

Be sure of the fashion, there is no retreat.

Don't lose your head. Will you marry me? would be a most abrupt and ill-timed question. Do not fear to thoroughly your taste; and address this question with manner which cannot be misunderstood. Another error. Will you tell me what I must wish to know?

Yes, if I can.

The happy day when we shall be married!

Another says, My Eliza, we must do what all the world evidently expects we shall.

All the world is very impertinent.

I know you don't want to be helped. When shall I call the parson to be ready?

As a general thing, a gentleman need never be refused. Every woman accepts a heartless coquette, finds the reason of discouraging a man whom she does not intend to have, before the matter comes to the point of a declination.

Science and Art.

IMPROVED METHOD OF TEMPERING TOOLS.

Mr. Alfred V. Newton, of the Patent Office, Chancery Lane, has taken out a patent (being a communication) for an apparatus for hardening and tempering edge tools. For heating axes or other similar tools, a trough is employed of the form of the letter A of vertical cylinder, the exterior made of sheet iron lined with fire bricks 4 feet 3 inches in diameter, so of such material as to give 2 or 3 inches of space on all sides and 3 feet high. In the interior of the cylinder several fire chambers are formed, usually four, the outer wall of each fire chamber is 18 inches long, 4 inches from front to back, and 12 inches in depth, formed of fire bricks, and a central shaft, which passes down through the furnace, and has its bearing in a step below it, a pulley keyed on to it serves to communicate rotary motion to the table.

When the axes or other articles are to be heated, they are placed upon the table with their edges in vertical positions projecting so far over its edge as to bring them directly over the centre of the fire, and the table is kept slowly revolving during the whole time of heating. When duly heated, they are ready for the process of hardening. The hardening bath consists of a cylinder of cast iron, 3 feet 6 inches in depth, formed with a blowing apparatus. Below the solid table of cast iron, 3 feet 4 inches in diameter; under each there are grate bars, and air is supplied through a pipe, furnished with a blowing apparatus. Above the